



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

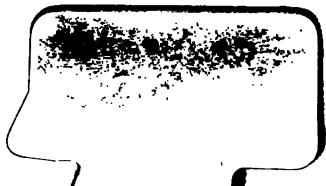
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48. 1517.



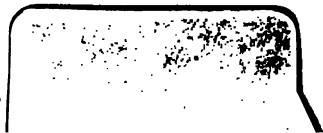


48. 1517.





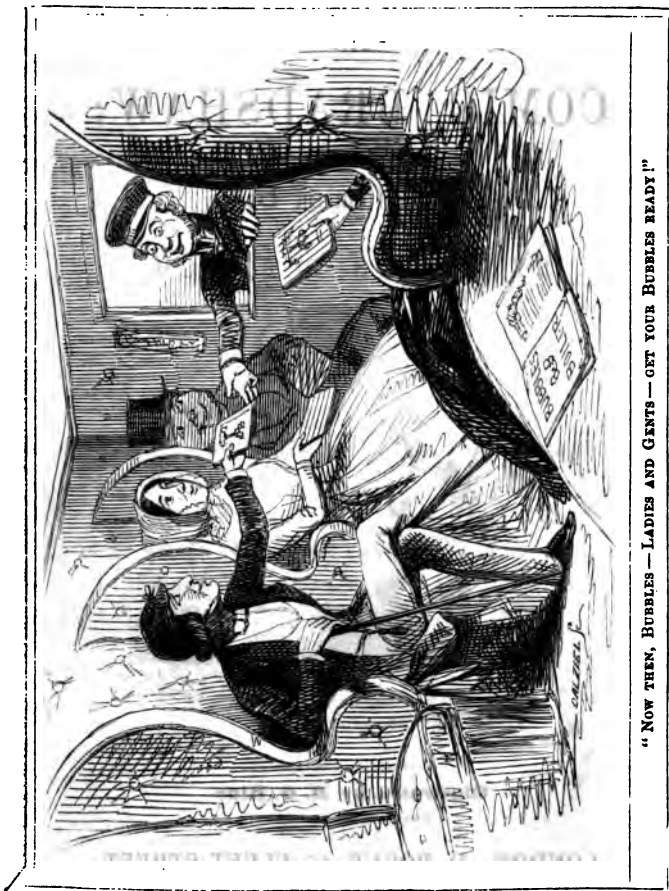
48. 1517.







291



"NOW THEN, BUBBLES — LADIES AND GENTS — GET YOUR BUBBLES READY!"

THE
COMIC BRADSHAW:
or,
Bubbles from the Bosler.



~~~~~  
**Illustrated by H. G. Hine.**  
~~~~~

LONDON: D. BOGUE, 86, FLEET STREET.

M DCCC XLVIII.

THE COMIC BRADSHAW:

OR,

Bubbles from the Boiler.

THE BLOWING OF THE BUBBLES.



SCENE—*A Railway Tunnel. In the midst an open Boiler. Enter three shadows, representing the AUTHOR, the ARTIST, and the PUBLISHER.*

Author. Thrice at door the dun hath knocked.

Artist. Thrice; and once left bills behind.

Publisher. Pocket cries:—"Tis time, 'tis time.

Author. Round about the boiler go;

In the witticisms throw:

Joke that in an ancient tome,

Long found unobservèd home;

Fun, no matter how it's got,

Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

All. Laugh, and never mind your troubles,

You who see this Boiler's bubbles.

Artist. Subjects full of humour take;

Puns, the Public's sides to shake,

Comic fancies of the Rail,

Trains as slow as any snail;

Serve to all these funny rations,

Suited to all lines and stations,

A mess for sixpence, (well worth double,)

Like champagne punch, boil and bubble.

All. Laugh, and never mind your troubles,

All who see this boiler's bubbles.

Publisher. Everything to make it pay,

Put i' the book without delay.

Quips and cranks, fling, fling the whole in,

Whether borrowed, begged, or stolen.
For second, third, or first class folks,
Here we put in first class jokes ;
Parodies which make men grin,
Funny cuts which draw the tin ;
Showers of flying railway chaff,
To make e'en the gravest laugh,
Travelling nobles, or riff-raff ;
With all things else, you paper soiler,*
Fit for the ingredients of our Boiler.

All. Laugh, and never mind your troubles,
You who see this Boiler's bubbles.

Artist. Serve with jokelets à la Hood,
And the charm is firm and good.

Enter the TRAVELLING PUBLIC, with three PORTERS.

Public. Oh, well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share the gains.
And now about the Boiler sing,
Like Barry in a sawdust ring,
Till every man, with laughter dizzy,
Shall willingly fork out his tizzy.

* Irreverently and improperly addressed to the author.

SONG.

Black whiskered, and light;
 Red whiskered, and grey;
 Let your long ears tingle
 At the jokes we make to-day!

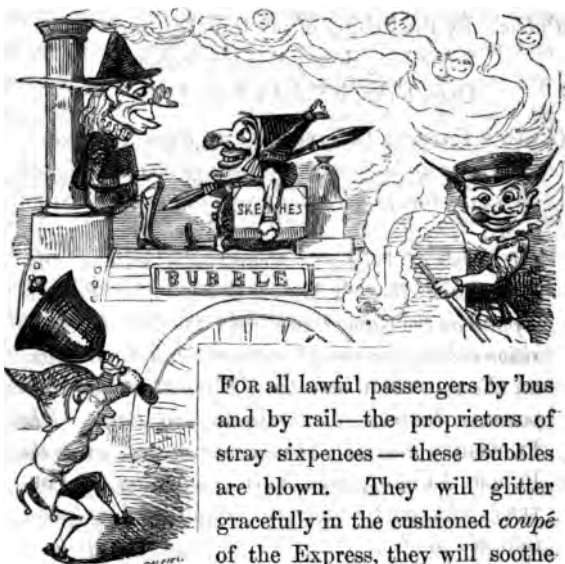
Public. By the itching of my thumbs,
 Something dreary this way comes.
 Open locks, if t'aint a hoax!

(Enter a Virtuous Indignation and High Art Writer, who turns up his nose at the idea of a book designed only to amuse people, and proffers to the PUBLISHER a MS. intended as a railway brochure, being an 'Analysis of Aristotle's Metaphysics,' with a 'Dissertation on Bacon's Novum Organum,' a 'Pathetic Appeal on the Game Laws,' an 'Analytical Disquisition into the Nature of Circumstantial Nonentities,' an 'Essay on the Character of Hamlet,' and a 'Comparative Estimate of Beethoven and Bach.' The PUBLISHER falls into strong convulsions, while the PUBLIC, AUTHOR, and ARTIST, aided by the PORTERS, seize and bundle the High Art Gentleman into the Boiler, which sinks through a trap door, with blue fire, while the executioners of this act of justice soar upwards through the shaft, singing,

"We fly by night,
 When we've water and spirits.")

OUR WHISTLE AT STARTING.

THE STEAM UP!



FOR all lawful passengers by 'bus and by rail—the proprietors of stray sixpences — these Bubbles are blown. They will glitter gracefully in the cushioned *coupé* of the Express, they will soothe the discomfort of the penny-a-miler, sitting on his bundle in the *al fresco* pen of the parliamentary train. To borrow the words of an advertisement, “no

traveller should be without them." If a man start fairly and comfortably, he can settle himself to read with pleasure in the carriage; if the train go without him, he can do the same in the station; while in case of two expresses running bang into each other, and mutually smashing themselves into pancakes, it will be some comfort to the relations of the sufferers to recollect that their friends having all purchased "Bubbles," must have been amused to the last!

Not but that we have to complain of the Railway companies. We made what we conceive to be a couple of admirable suggestions. We proposed that all fares now fixed at even money—ten, and twelve, and fifteen shillings, for example—should be changed to odd—that is to say, to sums of ten and six, twelve and six, and fifteen and six. The advantages of the plan are obvious. First, the Directors would infallibly sack an extra sixpence, while the companion coin, being frequently left in the hand of the traveller, would be extremely handy for investing in a copy of "Bubbles."

To our unmitigated disgust, this scheme was rejected. We then proposed another. We suggested that instead of tickets—stupid little morsels of paste-

board, which are always getting lost—Companies should issue “Bubbles,” duly stamped and indorsed, the passengers, of course, paying the small extra charge.

Were this scheme adopted, we thought how musical in our ears, as the Train stopped at the old ticket collecting places, would be the new cry of the guards,

“NOW THEN, BUBBLES—LADIES AND GENTS—
GET YOUR BUBBLES READY!”

And how nicely, in the terminus, would read the announcement—

“RETURN BUBBLES,
AVAILABLE FOR TWO DAYS;”

or how well a police case would look, in which a malefactor should be hauled up before the worthy magistrate, and sent for three months to Cold-bath Fields, for having attempted to outrage the bye-laws of his country by travelling without a “Comic Bradshaw, or Bubbles from the Boiler!”

Happy day-dreams! ye are vanished before the dreary realities of this unaccommodating age, and the obstinate self-opinionativeness of impracticable Boards of Directors!

As the Irish patriots say, when they run off in a row, with black eyes, we must

“Trust ourselves alone.”

A very good maxim for people in general, and for Irish patriots in particular; seeing that if they did not trust themselves, there would be not the remotest chance of their finding anybody else fool enough to do it.

This much by way of a Railroad Overture.

FURTHER PRELIMINARIES.

OUR PROCLAMATION!



it seemeth good and advisable unto us and unto our publisher, in inditing this Book of Railway Facetiæ, utterly to proscribe and disavow certain venerable jokes, grown grey in the service of the public, upon Railways, and which in common humanity ought to be consigned to those regions from which no return ticket—as is elegantly remarked by Hamlet's ghost

—has ever been issued—WE DO HEREBY PROCLAIM—

That the jokes in question, a list of which is subjoined below, are hereby released from service, and placed on a retiring allowance, and we do hereby prohibit ourselves, under severe pecuniary penalties

—(payable by ourselves to ourselves)—as we prohibit everybody else under the like penalties—(also payable to ourselves)—from meddling with or in any way availing themselves of the veteran, and in many cases, very weak jokes, which form the subject of this proclamation.

Given at our writing-desk, this 30th of June, 1848.

LIST OF THE PROCLAIMED JOKES.

Nobody is henceforth permitted to say—

1. That an elderly gentleman connected with railroads is a Railway Buffer.

2. Nor, that a locomotive is like a policeman—because it takes people up to the Station.

3. Nor, that a slow train followed by a quick one is like the letter W—because the X presses on behind.

4. Nor, that a partizan of the Great Western line is like a stout exciseman—because he is a broad-gauger.

5. Nor, that a man with a levelling instrument must be a great wag—for he can take a rise out of anything.

6. *Nor, that the wheels upon railways are lubricated with train oil.

* To encourage merit, any one who laughs at this joke may apply for half-a-crown to the Publisher.

7. Nor, that railroads intended for the conveyance of luggage are therefore to be called trunk lines.

8. Nor, that the boilers of express engines are supplied with brandy and water.

THE BUBBLES BLOWN.

Flight first.

ABOUT TIME TABLES.

WE at once confess, that we do not know a more tremendously unjokeaboutable subject than railway tables of fares, hours, trains, and distances. A humorous set of tabular statements of the kind could, perhaps, be got up, but we should no more think of trying it than of writing a lot of comic inscriptions for tomb-stones, or a series of funny sermons upon the cholera. Only one mode of managing the matter flashed across us, and it partook of the practical rather than the theoretical school of joking. We thought of getting up a neat set of time tables, with the starting hours of all the trains marked wrong. Here was evidently a practical joke of the first water. Only think of a procession of galloping cabs rushing up to Easton Square &c.



half-past five o'clock, to be in time for the Liverpool express, which had left the platform at half-past four. It would positively be worth the while of every amateur of amusement to spend his afternoons regularly at the terminus. But then again, this is a stupid, matter-of-fact world, and it is perfectly possible that not one of the disappointed travellers would be able to see exactly where the joke lay. *Instead of joining in a hearty guffaw, and*

mounting every man his cab to return home—having previously purchased another copy of the “Bubbles,” just as a mark of approval of the playful humour of that work—we should be having them all as sulky as bears afflicted with the sore heads to which that amiable class of animals are proverbially liable. Under these circumstances, then, we gave up the notion.

A few hints, however, connected with being in time for the train, may, in connexion with the subject of Time Tables, be here profitably introduced.

HINT No. I. — If you intend to start by a train at five in the morning from Paddington—your own domicile being in the Old Kent Road—we would advise you to leave home the previous evening. You can spend the first part of the night at the theatres on your way, and afterwards look in at the Cyder Cellars. At about one in the morning or so, you may begin to continue your journey towards Paddington. A good deal of entertainment may be had in noting the habits and customs of the night cabmen; and you will find, should you require further refreshments, that the oyster-shops in the Haymarket are open, and crowded with very nice people,—a little

noisy, perhaps, but remarkably free and easy in their general habits. As the dawn begins to appear, you will probably find yourself in Oxford-street, taking a cheering cup of coffee, from the establishment of a peripatetic vendor of the beverage, in company with two cabmen and a gentleman with a cart of cabbages on his way to Covent Garden. Thus refreshed, you will walk gaily to the terminus, where, on being asked for your fare, you will find that you have lost both your purse and your watch; in which melancholy plight we advise you to take a cab back to the Old Kent Road again.

HINT No. II. — Another way of ensuring your arrival at the station in time for an early train, is to take a three-and-sixpenny bed at a neighbouring hotel.

At four o'clock A.M. the following dialogue will probably take place:—

Porter (outside your door). Four o'clock, sir—train goes at five, sir!

Yourself. Augh!—eugh!—ough!—ugh! Confound it! I haven't been three minutes asleep yet! I say, there!

Porter. Yessir!

Yourself. Is there another train at six?

Porter. Train at six—yessir.

Yourself. Aagh!—Well—I'll go by that; call me in an hour.

Porter. Hoursir—yessir.

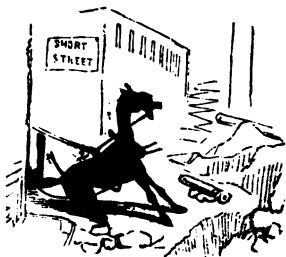
We need not say, that at six—afterwards at seven—and posteriorly at eight, the same bit of dialogue takes place. The end of the matter is, that you rise at a Christian hour, breakfast at ditto, and depart in peace by the eleven o'clock train, after having enjoyed a good night's rest.

HINT No. III. — If you are in a great hurry to catch a train, don't take a cab. We did the other day, and the fol-



lowing was the result. First, the horse wouldn't go, and when he did go—he fell. Secondly, we got into a long narrow street with a turn in the middle, beyond which were two wagons,





their wheels locked, and blocking up the whole way; so we had to back out a quarter of a mile. Thirdly, the driver knew a short cut, and we were within a street of the terminus, when we found the gas pipes up, and a gulf like the crater of Etna in the pavement. Fourthly, being put out by this accident, our charioteer, in order to make up for lost time, drove at headlong speed



into a *cul de sac*. Fifthly, emerging from this



snare, we went at such a pace, that we managed to knock a hind wheel off a brougham, and the cabman had to go into a shop, to write down his address and give

it to the police.

Sixthly, we ran

over a baby,

which didn't

signify; but,

seventhly, when we got to the terminus, the train was gone—which did.



As a finish to this part of the subject, we set our prophet—a sharp-sighted fellow, who can look into a millstone (when there's a hole in it) as far as most men—to get us a glance at the Number of Bradshaw which will be published on the 1st of April, 1948. In a few moments he favoured us with the following. Its authenticity may be entirely relied on :

EASTERN COUNTRIES LINE.

DOWN TRAIN.

LEAVES	HOUR.	MIN.	A. M.
SHOREDITCH STATION	6	"	"
BOW	6	0½	"
CONSTANTINOPLE	6	45	"
ALEPPO	7	30	"
JERICHO	8	35	"
ISPAHAN	9	20	"
BAGDAD	10	1	"
WHERE BABYLON USED TO WAS ...	10	35	"
CANTON	11	0	"
PEKIN	12	0	"

* * Return tickets for Peking available for three days.

* * A cheap train daily—arriving there in time for tea.

* * Omnibuses meet the trains at the Jericho Terminus.

* * The Millionth Edition of "*The Comic Bradshaw, or Bubbles from the Boiler,*" to be had at all the stations.

THE ART OF PACKING.

No treatise upon Rails and Railway Travelling would be complete without a few words devoted to the useful and elegant accomplishment called packing.

HOW TO PACK A PORTMANTEAU.



IND out an Irish pavior, and borrow his rammer. Then place a substratum of coats, trowsers, &c., in the portmanteau—stuffing the crevices with socks, cravats, handkerchiefs, gloves, and so forth. Then procure a bottle of ink, a jar of pickles, and a flask of Florence oil. Arrange them over the coats, &c.,

and cover and pack them round with shirts, drawers, and dress waistcoats. Now, use your rammer vigor-

ously, until you are able to shut down the lid of the portmanteau. Tie the straps, and don't mind the appearance of any liquid oozing through the corners.

HOW TO PACK A CARPET-BAG.



TAKE coats, waistcoats, boot-jacks, hair-oil bottles, shirts, stockings, and your best hat. Tumble them all topsy-turvy into the bag, and then stamp on them. You need never leave off cramming; as, according to the best authorities, a carpet-bag can never be full. Indeed, we had once a friend who, on being pressed by an unfeeling landlord for rent, absolutely carried off in his *sac de nuit* the whole of his furniture. At the same

time, as the furniture in question consisted merely of-

a toasting-fork, a razor-strop, and a small-tooth comb,
we do not lay so much stress on the anecdote.

You being now all primed and packed for departure, let us—in case you should be too much elated by the prospects of a pleasant journey—just bring you to your proper level by an improvement on Mrs. Hemans's—

GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They kicked up youthful shins;
Their graves are lying far and wide,
On many different Lines.

The same fond mother whipped them all,
As mothers should know how;
She wiped each blessed cherub's nose—
Where are those young 'uns now?

One, by that broad-gauge line which goes
To Exeter, is laid—
They ran into a luggage train,
And mince-meat of him made.

THE COMIC BRADSHAW.

The Eastern Counties line hath one;
He sleeps his last sound sleep
Near where—slap off a viaduct
An engine chose to leap.

Another went from Euston Square
By an ill-fated train—
An inquest held, pronounced that he
By accident was slain.

And one, 'neath her an axle broke,
And stayed life's running sand;
She "hopped" upon the Dover line,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they lie, who played
At hop-sotch in the court,
Who after every passing cab
Cried, "Whip behind," in sport.

Who rattled on the Nigger bones,
And jumped Jim Crow with glee!
Oh, steam! what have you been and done
With that poor fa—mi—ly!

THE BUBBLES BLOWN.

Flight the Second.

THE FIRST-CLASS PASSENGER.



HE hath an infinity of luggage, and no end of cloaks, wrappers, plaids, and pilot-coats. He is particular about a brass-bound dressing-case. He deposits one of his outer garments in a compartment of the carriage, so as to take possession. He then

hangs up his hat, and appears in a furred travelling-cap. He purchaseth several newspapers, and frequently has a variety of private documents, letters, and so forth, to read and arrange. He keeps himself to himself, and seldom speaks except to the guard. At the refreshment-rooms he patronises soup, coffee, or a glass of sherry. He is particular in "making legs" with the passenger opposite. When he has done with his newspapers, he places them on the cushion, and leaves them there. He knows gentlemen's seats along the line, and the character of the county fox-hounds. If he find what he deems an eligible companion, they talk of the opera; and he says, that Alboni snuffs out Jenny Lind. Otherwise, the converse is of foreign travel—of German lines—of going from Ostend to Trieste in three days—and of the Splügen. At stations he asks to see the guard, who touches his cap, and says they have thirty-five miles to go. On arriving, he sometimes steps into a vehicle waiting for him, or piles his luggage upon a cab, and departs triumphantly.

RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

The following deep and apparently inexplicable

mysteries are respectfully submitted to the various Boards of Directors of this kingdom, with a request for their solution. Answers, which must be prepaid, and marked in the corner of the envelope "Replies to Railway Problems," will be received by Mr. Bogue up to the 1st of April next, after which date no further communications can be taken in.

FIRSTLY. How does it happen, that whenever a labourer on a line of Railway gets drunk and unable to find his way home, he regularly lies down to sleep with his neck on one rail, and his legs on another, just as the express train is expected?

SECONDLY. How does it happen, that if you lay a lot of fourpenny pieces on the rails, the wheels of a passing train do not mangle them out into sixpences?



THIRDLY. How does it happen, that whenever a station clerk is asked a civil question, he directly becomes deaf and dumb — the unfortunate man not having been so afflicted before?

AND FOURTHLY. How does it happen, that at all great stations where there are engine-sheds, a lot of fidgety locomotives keep going up and down, and joggling about, first on one line of rails, and then on another, as if they had something on their minds which made them restless and uncomfortable, and kept them from the blessings of repose ?

THE SECOND-CLASS PASSENGER.

Sometimes he walks to the station baggageless—



at others, he comes in company with a carpet-bag on the top of the omnibus. When he wears a pair of gloves, he sticks his ticket into one of them. He deposits his carpet-bag under the seat, and

is continually looking to see if it be there. He manoeuvres to get in the sheltered corner of the carriage, with his back to the engine. He buys one newspaper, or a tract by the Messrs. Chambers about the manners and habits of the Bug. He generally has a horsecloth to put about his knees. Sometimes

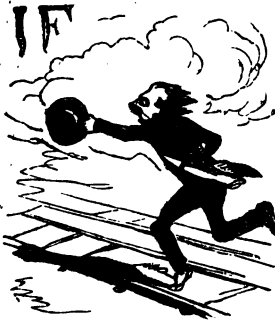
he appeareth a farmer, and wears top-boots; but he is not at all like the Farmers Giles and Farmers Bluff of the old comedies, for he never wears a long waistcoat of bed-curtain chintz to strike with his clenched fist, or says, "There,



dom thee!—ca'anst thee doa tha't loike?" At the refreshment station the second-class passenger pitches manfully into cold pork pies and stout. Occasionally he remains in the carriage, and devours sandwiches from a brown paper parcel; and he has been more than once observed to be armed with a soda-water bottle half filled with brown brandy. Towards the close of a long journey the second-class passenger

vents many execrations upon the supernatural hardness of the seats, and expresses his opinion that the directors select the toughest wood on purpose. He is always anxious to tell you that though he travels "second," there is really no difference between that and the third class that he could ever see. He is sometimes given to be dismally facetious, and informs the company, when the train stops, that they are watering the horses. Sometimes he is of a lively temperament, and keeps letting down the windows and looking out for coming trains, the advent whereof he communicates to his fellow-passengers. When he has read his newspaper, he lends it to the fat lady next him; but at the conclusion of his journey recalls it, lugs his carpet-bag from under the seat, and departs even as he came.

USEFUL HINTS FOR ALL CLASSES.



you are too late for a train, don't think of running after it.

Express trains do not generally stop if you appear upon the line, hold up your umbrella, and say "Hi!"

If you are taking a walk in a tunnel, and

suddenly observe two trains entering it—one on the up line, and the other on the down—so as to meet just where you are, in the centre—we decline to advise you upon the step to be taken under such peculiar circumstances, but shall be happy to learn your own views in the event of your surviving.



If you dread a collision, write a letter to the *Times*, and suggest the propriety of two Railway Directors being always fastened in front of the buffers of each engine.

If you chance to put your head out at the window and lose your hat, hallo to the engineman to stop, which he will be sure to do at the first station at which the train calls. You can then walk back twelve miles along the line; but the chances are greatly against your finding your property. You will, however, have the satisfaction of reflecting that you did all you could for its recovery.

THE THIRD-CLASS PASSENGER.

If his luggage does not consist of a bundle tied up in a blue spotted cotton handkerchief, it is sure to be comprised in a ponderous wooden chest, enveloped in a complicated system of knotted cordage. As soon as he has obtained his ticket, he sticks it in the band of his hat, as a visible symbol that he has paid his fare, and does not intend to do anybody. His outward wrappers consist sometimes of a thread-bare comforter twisted round his neck—at other times, of a worn pea-jacket, tacked together at



divers points by means of pins, and burst at the button holes. He seldom buys a newspaper; but produces from his pocket a fourth of the supplement of an old *Times*, in which is concealed a "crust of bread and cheese"—that is to say, half a stale quartern loaf, and a ponderous lump of double Gloucester. After regaling himself upon the contents of the said parcel, he reads the envelope. At stations where the other passengers refresh, he has a wonderful knack of slipping out, finding a quiet tavern, where he procures vast muggs of beer, and getting into his place again just as the whistle is sounding. The third-class passenger is sometimes wonderfully courteous to the police and other officials, and sometimes quite the reverse, holding his own in a bullying match with great pluck and skilfulness. If the train delay longer than he thinks is needful at intermediate stations, the third-class passenger manifests his displeasure by loud hooting, and many uncouth shouts, which are in nowise noticed by the powers that be. He seldom pays much attention to the scenery, but is often absorbed in the pursuit of sleep under tremendous difficulties. When the train arrives, he rouses himself up, and walks off *in search of* "Good accommodation for Railway

travellers." Whereas, if an accident take place, and he be the only sufferer, the newspapers state that the man killed was "merely a third-class passenger."

RAILWAY BAPTISM.—On account of the comparatively tardy pace of the trains upon certain lines out of London, the engines have been appropriately christened the "Slowcomotives."

THE BUBBLES BLOWN.

Flight the Third.

EXPLANATION OF RAILWAY TERMS.

THE following valuable information has been forwarded to us by the Society of Civil Engineers, with a polite request that we would bring their body into general notice by printing a small contribution emanating from its members. This we have the more pleasure in doing, as the information conveyed is really of a novel and striking nature.

A DEEP CUTTING.



Anybody wishing to obtain a correct notion of this engineering feat had better provide a leg of mutton, boiled or roasted. Let him then set a couple of hungry men to work upon it, and he will very soon have a clear idea of what is meant by a "deep cutting."

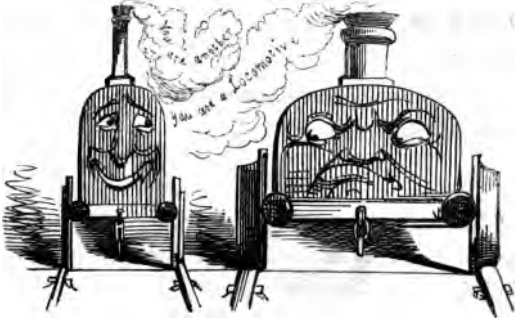
AN INCLINED PLANE.



Anybody wishing to know the full force of this expression must act as follows. Let him, in the first place, make love to a young lady, marry her, and have a numerous family. On the sixth anniversary of the wedding-day—and it ought to be a sweltering hot

one—let him obtain a good sized child's cart, into which let him put his (say) four olive branches. Then let him tug them at a quick walking pace up High-gate-hill. By the time he gets to the top he will have a vivid idea of an inclined plane, and the difficulties which it presents to the engineer.

THE BROAD GAUGE AND THE NARROW GAUGE.



The meaning of these phrases depends, in a great measure, upon whether you happen to have shares in the Great Western or the North Western Line. If you are a proprietor of the former, the narrow gauge is a paltry humbug;—if of the latter, the broad gauge is an extravagant quackery.

OUR PROPHET AGAIN.

This invaluable gentleman has again been, in Campbell's phrase, sending his spirit, like one of the new street-cleaning machines, to

“ — sweep
Adown the gulf of Time.”

The following is one of the scraps which the mental broom in question has brushed up from the highway of posterity. It is an extract from the *Times* of the 1st of April, 1948.

“RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

“Some surprise, and not a little uneasiness, was created yesterday at the Mesopotamia station of the United Grand Junction European, African, Asian, American, and Ponder's-end Railway, by the non-arrival of the slow train, due at twelve o'clock. Half-a-dozen policemen were, in consequence, dispatched up the line per the new patent passenger electric telegraph, and the cause of delay was ascertained to be as follows. It appears that the train was proceeding cautiously round a rather sharp curve, at a rate of not more than

three hundred miles an hour, when the breathing apparatus of the driver—a steady man, who has been for some years in the Company's service—gave way, and he was, of course, immediately suffocated;—not, however, before he had managed to stop and reverse the engine. The injudicious effects of this last step were, however, soon apparent; for the train, as might have been expected, started backwards at rather a fast rate of 700 or 800 miles an hour—the passengers being in a state of considerable alarm. Fortunately, the accident was observed from one of the new line of patent safety balloons, which, in company with a couple of ordinary hack flying machines, gave chase, and having flung their grapnels at the speeding engine, managed gradually to stop its career. The unfortunate engine man was then attended to, and being promptly conveyed to the Galvanic and Electro-magnetic Hospital for the cure of complaints of the respiratory organs, he was skilfully unsuffocated by the house-surgeon; and after a short delay, was providentially enabled to resume his place upon the locomotive, and conduct the train to its destination.

“No blame attaches to any of the officials of the Company.”

SONG OF THE RAILWAY PORTER.



I.

With muscular arm and strong,
 (Bedecked in my corduroys),
 The box and the crate I lug along,
 And the heavy portmanteau poise.
 I'm the king of the luggage van,
 And my energy never flags,
 As I shovel in mountains of trunks,
 And oceans of carpet bags!

II.

Then what though the Company says
 That never — no matter what
 haps —
 I'm to finger the cash of a gent,
 Whom perchance I have helped
 with his traps,
 There's many a capital chance,
 (When there's nobody dangerous
 by,)
 Just to whisper, "I've looked to
 your things,"
 And then pocket the tin on the sly.

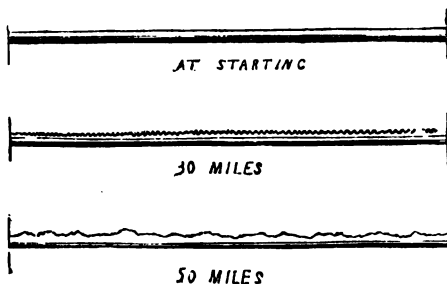
III.

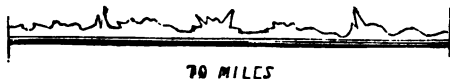
So I jollily pass my days
 Amid package, and bundle, and box,
 Seeing always that "Glass—with care,"
 Gets a double allowance of knocks.
 And though train after train I may load,
 Yet I wouldn't give sixpence to roam,
 For when done with old baggage abroad,
 I've a wife, a young baggage, at home.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON IN SECOND-CLASS
CARRIAGES.

It is a curious fact in connexion with the wood used in the construction of second-class carriages, that the further you travel the harder, and tougher, and rougher, and knottier do the seats become. At first, they seem smooth enough,—in fact, handsome, polished planes. In about thirty miles, they get nutmeg-graterish on the surface; by fifty, lumps begin to grow out of them; by seventy, the lumps are sharper; and ere the hundred be completed, you would exchange your throne for an arm-chair full of broken bottles.

The following diagrams will give a notion of the odd phenomenon we have endeavoured to describe.





The portraits beneath show the changes, corresponding to the degree of discomfort of the seat, produced on the countenance of the gentleman who sits on it.



THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

A remarkably ingenious etymologist has proposed a derivation for the name of the useful apparatus in question; which, though plausible, we do not wish to be understood wholly and unreservedly to sanction. He supposes, that in consequence of the comparatively short, and consequently, in a manner, surly answers given by means of the apparatus to questions asked, that it was first called—"I like to tell 'ee gruff," of which Electric Telegraph is a recent corruption. Giving all credit to the learned gentleman for his ingenuity, we have our doubts as to the soundness of his doctrine, which, however, we feel bound to submit to the judgment of our readers.

Certain errors as to the nature and functions of the electric telegraph exist, we understand, in the remote and rural districts of this realm, which we are happy, by the present publication, to be enabled to dispel. We have, then, to inform all curious inquirers, that it is a popular delusion to suppose that luggage can be forwarded by telegraph. As absurd is it to climb up one of the poles, put your ear to the wires, and try to catch the intelligence which may

be in the course of being transmitted. Neither will any effect be produced by acting like the old lady in Devonshire, who, after rapping at one of the posts



with her umbrella, as if to inquire whether the

electric fluid were at home, shouted out the message which she intended should be conveyed along the wires. Other absurd myths—relating, however, to the outward and physical appearance of the telegraph—have from time to time arisen in primitive, turnip-growing districts, when the wires were seen for the first time stretching along by embankment and cutting. A strong feeling pervaded one district for some months that the railway company had established an extensive laundry somewhere on the line, and that the poles and wires formed part of the apparatus for drying the shareholders' shirts. The telegraph was in use for some time in the county in question before the public mind had been disabused, and conceived a truthful impression of the nature of the instrument.

The electric telegraph is affected by thunder-storms, the hands of the instrument at such times making all manner of odd oscillations, and sending all manner of absurd messages. We earnestly entreat our readers, however, not to believe the following story of the electric fluid having on one occasion announced its own pranks, at the town of Fortywinks, by a self-sent message, beginning as follows:—

“This afternoon the town and neighbourhood of Fortywinks was visited by a terrific thunderstorm, which for severity has no parallel in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The peals of thunder were loud and continuous; and some idea may be formed of the destructive violence of the electric fluid, when it is stated that it actually melted the spout of the pump.”

Various unexplained atmospherical causes combine occasionally to weaken the power of the telegraph. At these times the messages sent should be composed of the shortest words; for it is evident that although the telegraph may be quite strong enough to carry a mere “How d’ye do?” it would break down under the weight of a Johnsonian sentence. We may mention here, that we discredit the anecdote of a message in German being transmitted by the South Western telegraph, and which communication was composed of such marvellously long and hard words, that they actually broke one of the wires, and twisted another so as to render it useless.

People using the telegraph should be careful to wait for the very last letter of the message, as otherwise deplorable mistakes may occur. For example:

on the Tenth of April last, the clerk at a remote station somewhere in the north of England received the following information from London:—

“THE CHARTISTS HAVE RISEN—”

At this stage of the message, the terrified clerk rushed out of the office, to proclaim that a revolution had commenced, so that he lost the remainder of the sentence, which consisted of these words—“In public estimation by their peaceable proceedings.” Returning, however, in time for the beginning of the next sentence, he read—

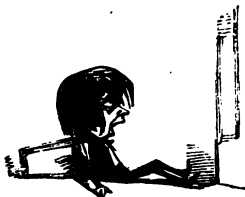


“A REPUBLIC HAS BEEN UNIVERSALLY PROCLAIMED—”

Out went the horrified clerk again, to tell the awful news, while the telegraph tranquilly continued—“Even by the Chartists, to be a humbug.” In a minute, he was again at his desk, watching the jerking needle. This time it said—



“ THE QUEEN HAS BEEN SEIZED—”



The clerk, who was a loyal young man of nervous temperament, immediately fainted away, while the needle continued—“with a slight attack of toothache, which, however, did not prevent her from attending the Opera at Covent Garden, where the national anthem was demanded;”—here the clerk, rousing himself, read—

“ AND EXECUTED, AMID SHOUTS OF APPROVAL.”



Rushing from the Terminus with a wild scream, the unhappy man immediately emigrated to Texas, leaving his fate to be an awful warning to all nervous telegraphic clerks.

BUBBLES BLOWN.

Flight the East.

RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter I.

FROM MRS. CHARLES TITTLUMS TO MISS MATILDA
PETTILOVE, ALBERT VILLAS, CAMDEN TOWN.

Forty Winks Station,
Great East-Western Railway,
Monday.

My dearest, dearest Tildy-ildy.

I am positively, dear girl, the happiest woman alive. Such a *duck* of a *place*, and such a *pet* of a *husband*. But you *know* Charley, so that is enough.



I am writing in my own, yes, Tildy, my own little

cottage. Such a dear ducksey-wucksey of a *cottage*, not near a *wood*, but on the line, which is much more lively, you know; and quite close to, oh, such a *picturesque cutting*!—quite *Alpine*, indeed—what you might call a *gorge*, or a *pass*; and the trains go by, oh, *every* hour. It's so delightful to sit and *watch* them. To be sure I have no *society* here; but what is *society* to the *heart*? Isn't *Charley* with me? Not that we are quite alone either, for there is a very *intelligent policeman*, nearly *blind*, whom the Company got cheap, to manage *the* signals, and a *porter*. I don't mean *porter* in a bottle, but in *corduroys*. They live in two *little huts* near the station, and the porter's wife is *always* quarrelling with the policeman's, which makes some *variety*. Oh Tildy, did you *know* how the days fly by, in such contentment and peace! *Promenading* about the line with *Charley*, or *sitting* in his *office*, the dear fellow, while he fills up such long *columns*, in big books like *ledgers*, with *figures* and *things*, or nips little *tickets* in the *funny machine* which seems to have a *mouth*, and to bite them. We are quite close to the *charming town* of Fortywinks—only thirteen miles off, *indeed*, through *the lanes*; and the *omnibus* comes sometimes to

meet the trains, when the horses are *not* ploughing, which makes our residence *much* more eligible. No less than forty trains pass every day; and at night Charley gets up for the *eleven o'clock*, and the *one o'clock*, and the *three o'clock*, and the *five o'clock* trains, and I come down *with him*, wrapped up in a *shawl*, which, *of course*, keeps one from feeling lonely and tired at nights, if one can't *sleep*.

And so, dearest Tildy, you must come down to see your *old schoolfellow*. We have got *such* a dear little closet for you, and we shall have *such* fun, *ringing* the bell, and *playing* tricks with the *signals*, and *running* through the *tunnel*, and *walking* out *twice*, and sometimes *thrice*, a-week, to see the Fortywinks *omnibus* come in. Tell all the girls *how* happy I am, and that the *sooner* they get married the better; but I know they *all* think so already.

Love and kisses to all inquiring friends, and believe me,

Yours, oh, for ever and ever,

JULIA TITLUMS.

RAILWAY GYMNASTICS.

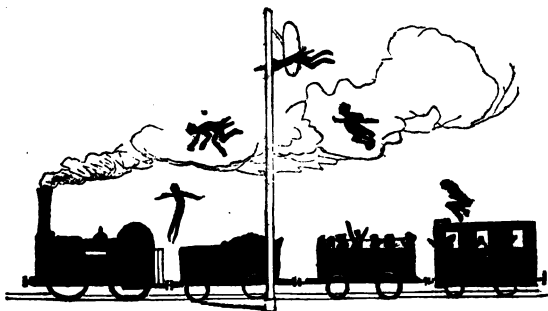
Most people have felt the cramping effects of long journeys by rail. For ourselves we have limped out of the carriage, with as many pins and needles in one foot, as though that portion of our person had been a pincushion in active service, while the other was so sound asleep, that we expected to hear it snore through the boot. A system of railway gymnastics, then, would, it is conceived, be most acceptable to the travelling public at large, and would be applicable to every line except the Blackwall one, on which, in consequence of the rope generally breaking, the passengers have the advantage of the wholesome exercise to be derived from shoving the train forward themselves. Taking the hint from the manœuvres which we have seen performed at Astley's by "Daring Riders of the Apennines," and "Flying Couriers of the Ural Mountains," which said feats have quite convinced us that it is the use and wont of these gentlemen, when carrying dispatches of the utmost importance over hundreds of miles of deserts, to have serfs placed here and there on the track, with papered *hoops for the riders* and couriers respectively to jump

through—we beg to propose that, acting upon the same principle, whenever a train approaches a tunnel, every passenger should jump out, as soon as his carriage enters the subterranean way, run nimbly over the top of the hill, peeping down through the shaft, if there be one, in order to see that he is keeping exactly up to the carriage he has left, and then, as it emerges into the daylight again, leap down and resume his seat. The plan will be made more simple by the diagram annexed.



Another gymnastic feat may be more properly performed by the servants of the Company, say the engine-driver and stoker, for the amusement and delectation of the passengers. Our readers have all observed the circular affairs hoisted up to the top of long poles, in the vicinity of stations, for the purpose of making signals. Still following out our Astley's notion, we propose that they should be formed of papered hoops, and that as each train approaches, the

engineman or stoker should jump through them—in this style.



The passengers would certainly be much pleased and amused by these little pastimes, and as the functionaries capable of performing them must be men of activity and muscular power, it is quite clear that their services in other respects would be proportionably valuable to their employers.

A PASSING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE
RAILWAY STAGS.

I.

Where are the last year's pins ?
Where is the last year's snow ?
We request information, because
There's nobody happens to know.
But a question more puzzling still
Than e'en riddles invented by wags,
Is the one we have now to propound,
And 'tis—Where are the railway stags ?

II.

Unknown in Bartholomew Lane,
Is the share-rigging, seedy old pack,
Who would now plan a line to Cape Horn,
And anon plan another line back.
We know but one ancient director,
And he sweeps a crossing in rags,
But he shakes his grim head when we ask
Of the fate of his old brother Stags.

III.

Let geologists say what they choose
About animals gone ere the flood,
About thundering old lizards which squat-
-tered in antediluvian mud.
Not the Ichthyosauri themselves,
Imbedded in primitive crags,
Are half so extinct to our minds
As the race of the Railway Stags !

RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter II.

FROM CHING-A-RING-A-RING-TING, GENT., PASSENGER BY THE CHINESE JUNK TO WANKI FO, ESQUIRE, MEMBER OF THE CANTON WHITTINGTON CLUB, AT THE SIGN OF THE "LITTLE TEA-POT," GREAT HYSON-STREET, GUNPOWDER SQUARE, CANTON.

(Translated by Captain Pidding.)



AGE disciple and namesake
of the Mighty Fo,

Thy friend is verily in
a strange land, surrounded
by barbarian eyes. He hath
seen many marvels, whereof he will,
in due time, write full accounts, with
ink of India and a brush made of the
hair of the camel. He will tell thee
that thy friend is in a land, an infidel,

miserable, darkened land, where the feet of the women (oh, foul ignorance!) are unbroken, and where the delicious nest of the bird is unknown at the festive board. Of these things, and many others, will he write; but he indites this letter for one particular purpose, and that alone. Let it, oh, scholar of Fo! be framed and glazed, and hung in the vestibule of the Canton Whittington Club, inasmuch as it sets for ever at rest a question so often mooted in that august assembly.

Thou knowest, oh disciple of Fo! our debates upon the question of whether there be or be not dragons. That question must never be asked again. Oh, wonderful Wanki! I have seen a dragon. I have heard its snort. I have felt its hot breath. I have touched its metallic scales. There are dragons in England. But not wild. The barbarians are strong, and they have caught them, and tamed them, and taught them to draw carriages, even as beasts of burden—the ox of our fields, or the Lama of Thibet. It was at night I saw the monster, standing by the side of a road paved with iron for its dread feet. I heard the roar of the coming horror. I saw its red eyes flaming in the darkness. I saw it champ and spurn red hot

coals from its jaws. I saw it foam flames of fire !
And yet it was meek and tame, and two men rode
upon its back and guided it, while to its tail were
tied many carriages, which the dragon pulled with
incredible celerity, yet slackening its pace when
needful, and stopping when desired. Oh Wanki, be-
lieve thy friend when he says, that he—even he—
mounted one of the carriages, and rode behind the
dragon !

By the chop-sticks of Fo, he swears it ! By the
cuttings of the Emperor's toe-nails, he swears it !
By the sacred geese on the holy pond, he swears it !
And if his words be not the words of truth—having
sworn by these awful things—then will his skin be-
come wrinkled as the lead which wraps the fragrant
tea, and his nose as long as the spout of the vessel from
whence it is poured. In token whereof he signs his
name,



A PROJECT FOR THE FUTURE.

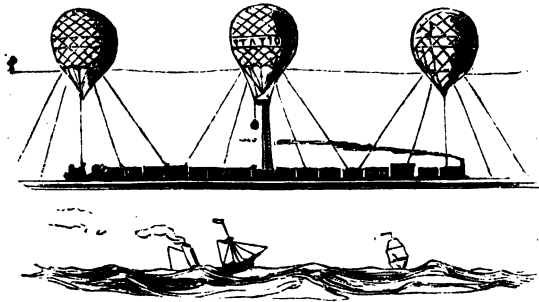
Everybody who is in a hurry to go from London to Paris generally finds the Channel an especial nuisance. We don't know what Sir Isambert Brunel's sentiments may be as to tunnelling it, and we don't care, because we have a plan of our own. We don't give the estimates and specifications, as we have no time to draw them up, and, indeed, would not if we had; but we submit a couple of rough sketches for the consideration of the Messrs. Cubitt, Grissell, and Peto, and other eminent gentlemen in the practical line of life.

As we believe great improvements may take place in the facility with which a train can be made to run up and down an incline, we propose to carry a line of rails from Folkestone to Boulogne by means of a bridge of boats, the rails to work on hinges on board each boat, so as to yield freely to the action of the sea. The subjoined sketch shows a couple of trains crossing in a gale of wind.



PROJECTED CHANNEL LINE.

In case, however, the above scheme should be found impracticable, we beg to suggest another. The accompanying representation explains itself. We call the scheme the—



PROJECTED CHANNEL BALLOON LINE.

A full prospectus, giving all the requisite information, will shortly be issued; and, in the meantime, applications may be made for shares to anybody whom the applicant thinks likely to possess them.

Our Whistle at Arriving!—The Steam Off!

Our Bubbles are blown, and have sailed up into the bright air!

Has your eye, gentle reader, tired, and your brain craved restlessly for some novelty—waiting, it may be, in the monotonous station, or being whirled along the as monotonous line?

And if so, have our Bubbles floated pleasantly before the one, and gently tickled the other, so that the time has passed more quickly, and the journey seeme the sooner done?

We would fain hope so.

Writing books with a "purpose" is a cant phrase of the day. This little book has been written with a purpose; and if it has lightened the burthen of an idle half hour, we are pleased, because our "purpose" has been answered.





